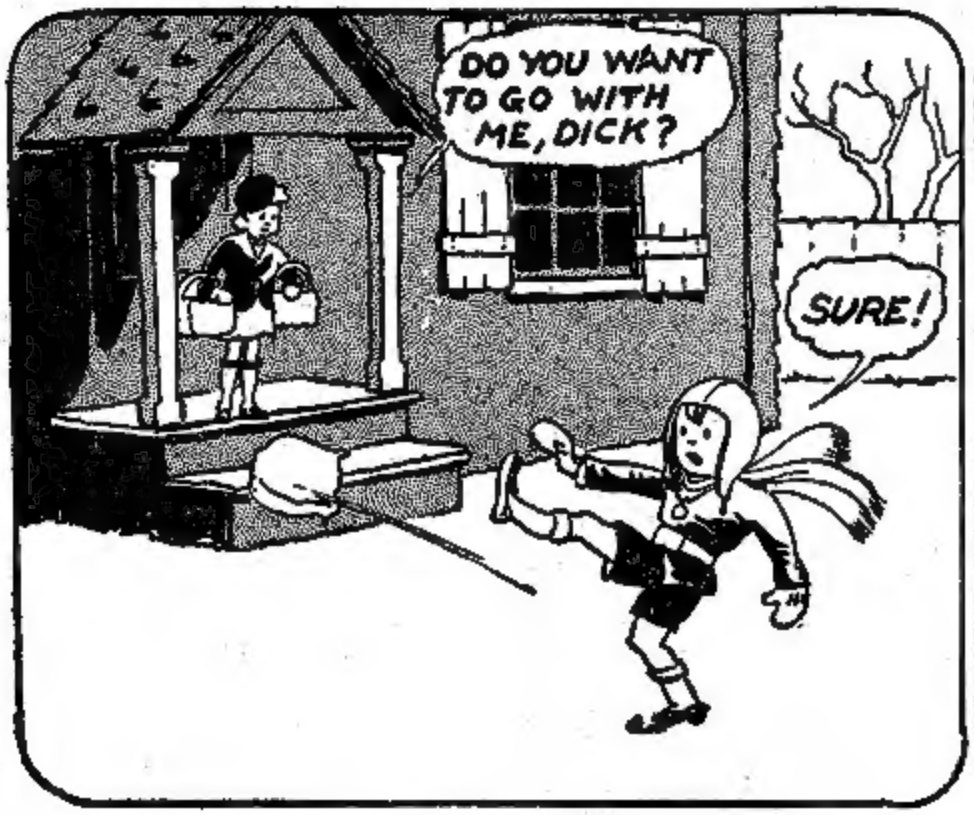
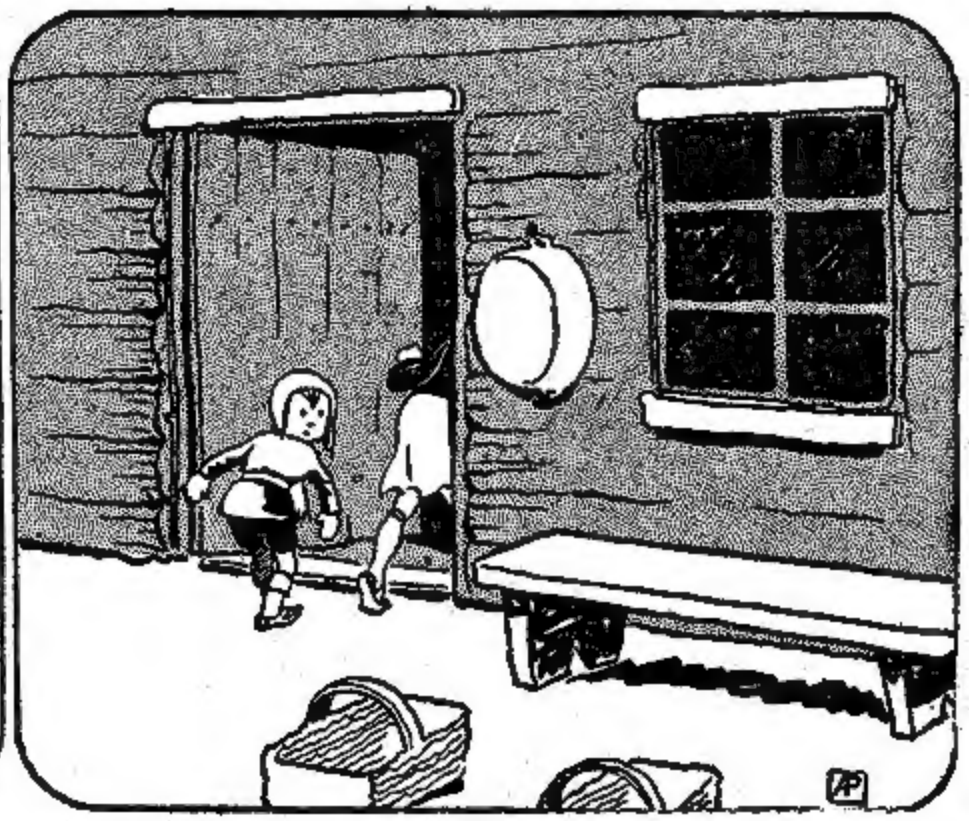
Christmas With Dot and Dick





"Know what day this is?" called Dot, standing on the back porch with a market basket hanging from each arm.

"No," said Dick, as he kicked his make-believe football, a flour bag stuffed with rags.

"Well," said his sister, "it's only about two weeks until Christmas and there won't be much of a holiday unless we hurry up and help get ready for it."

"Oh, can we do something?" asked Dick. "That's great.

"Well, come along to the woods."

As they skipped down the road, all excited, Dick said, "but I don't see why we're going to the woods. What I'd really like is a Christmas tree standing on a pretty platform with engines and houses and a little lake and things, like the one we saw in the toy store last year."

So Dot explained that was just what she wanted, too. "Of course we can't have everything," she said, "but Aunt Emily says there are lots of things in the woods and along the creek, like berries and moss and sand, that we can get to make our tree look as pretty as any you ever saw."

When they came to the woods, they left the path and pushed through the underbrush. "Hey, Dot!" Dick shouted. "Here's a house!" And sure enough, there stood a small log cabin, looking very lonely and deserted among the tall trees.

"I bet it's haunted," said Dick, but Dot told him there weren't any haunted houses except in fairy tales. "Maybe not, but wouldn't want to go inside, would you?"

"Yes I would, too,' said Dot. So they pushed open the door and walked in.

Christmas With Dot and Dick

As Dick and Dot pushed open the door of the log cabin they had found deep in the woods, they received the surprise of their lives. For the house wasn't deserted at all.

Embers glowed in the open fireplace. A bed, with a thick gray blanket folded neatly on top of it stood in one corner. A chair made of branches of trees was drawn up by a small table.

"Oh, look, there's Santa Claus!" cried Dick, and, sure enough, over the fireplace was a big picture of old Saint Nick. And right beside it was a photograph of a girl just about Dick's age.

"I wonder who put Santa Claus' picture up there?" said Dick.

Now that the children knew someone lived in this house, they tiptoed out, closing the door carefully, and continued their hunt for moss to put at the bottom of their Christmas tree, and red and orange berries to tie in its branches. But of course they could not help wondering who lived in the tiny cabin.

As they hunted, they went deeper into the wods until they came to the bank of a creek. Here they found glistening sand and round, white pebbles, which Dick scooped into his basket.

Then it began to snow—small, powdery, white flakes that cut their faces as the wind whipped through the forest. So they started home along a narrow pat that ran near the creek. But just as they came to a big oak tree, they heard something singing—someone on the other side and down near the water. They peeked around the great oak tree.

There, squatting at the water's edge, was the strangest looking man they had ever seen. He was singing cheerfully as he swished 'round and 'round what looked like a frying pan full of water.

"Aren't you a little bit scared?" whispered Dot to Dick.

(To Be Continued.)

Christmas With Dot and Dick

HMM--LOOKS AS IF YOU'D BEEN PRETTY BUSY. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GET WARMED UP BE-FORE YOU GO HOME?
SO YOU'RE GETTING ALL READY FOR CHRISTMAS? WE'LL, LET'S GET TOGETHER HERE AND MAYBE WE CAN HELP OUT OLD SANTA CLAUS.
GEE! THAT'S A SWELL CHRISTMAS TREE!
MILTON MORRIS
NO. 3

Dick was going to say only girls got scared, but before he could answer Dot, the old man looked up and saw them, "Hello!" he called in a friendly voice.

"Hello," they answered. Then they started walking toward home, because their fingers and toes and noses were getting cold. They had been outdoors a long time.

"Don't go yet," called the old man, climbing up the bank toward them. "Goodness, I haven't seen anyone come along this way since last summer. What are your names?"

"I'm Dot," answered Dot.

"And I'm Dick," said Dick, "Do you have a name, too?"

That made the old man laugh. "Why sure," he said. "Folks call me Old Pete. Why don't you come over to my house and warm your hands at the fire?"

"We'd like to, Mr. Pete," said Dot, "if you don't live very far away."

"Come along," he said. "We'll be there in a jiffy."

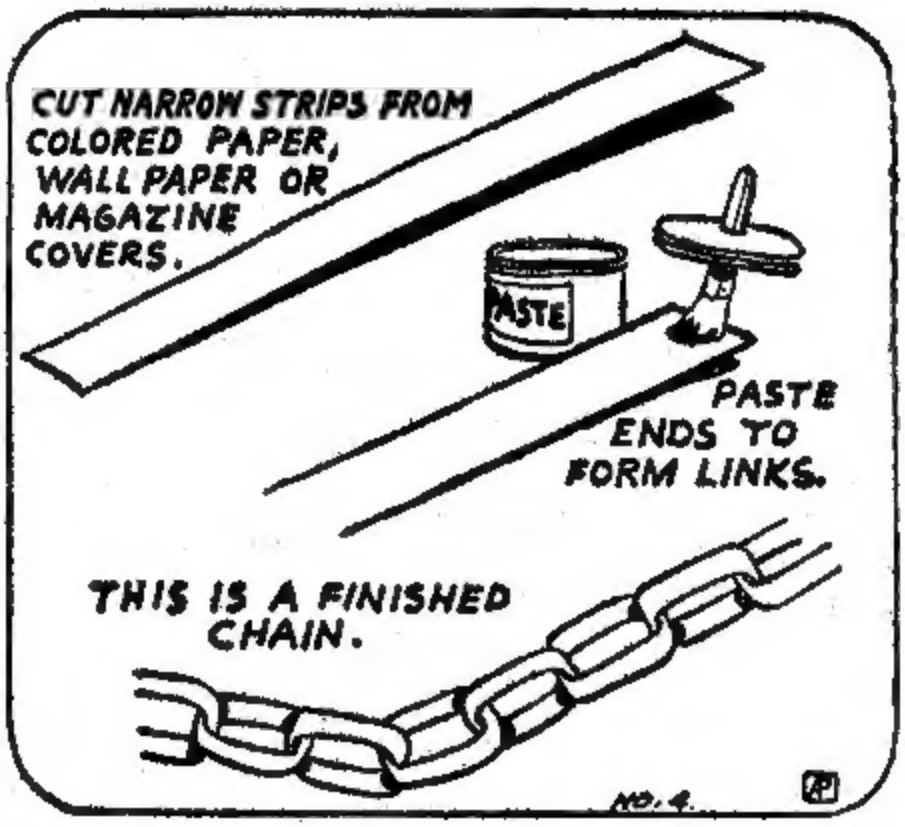
Soon they were back at the cabin Dick and Dot had found. "We've been here," said Dot. a little timidly because she thought Old Pete might scold. "We thought it was deserted. But we didn't touch a thing and came right out."

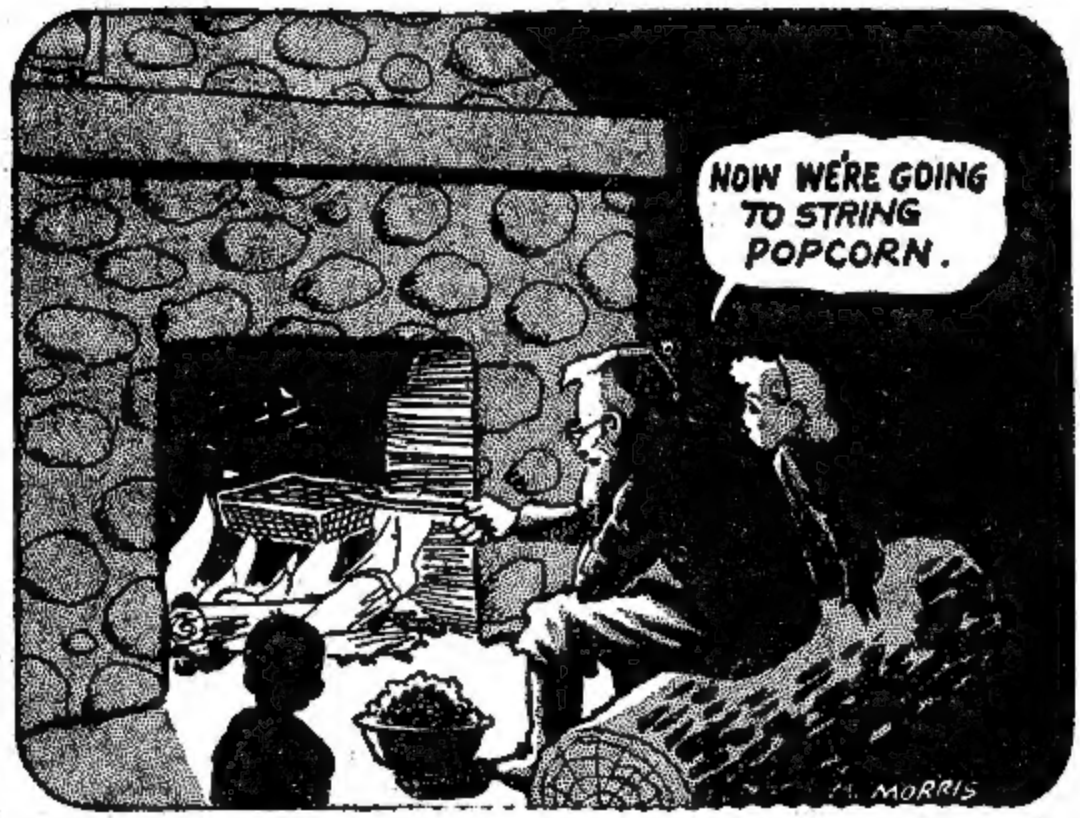
"Goodness! I guess you're the first folks who've been in my place in ten years. Most everybody's afraid of bears in these woods. But I shot the last bear years ago."

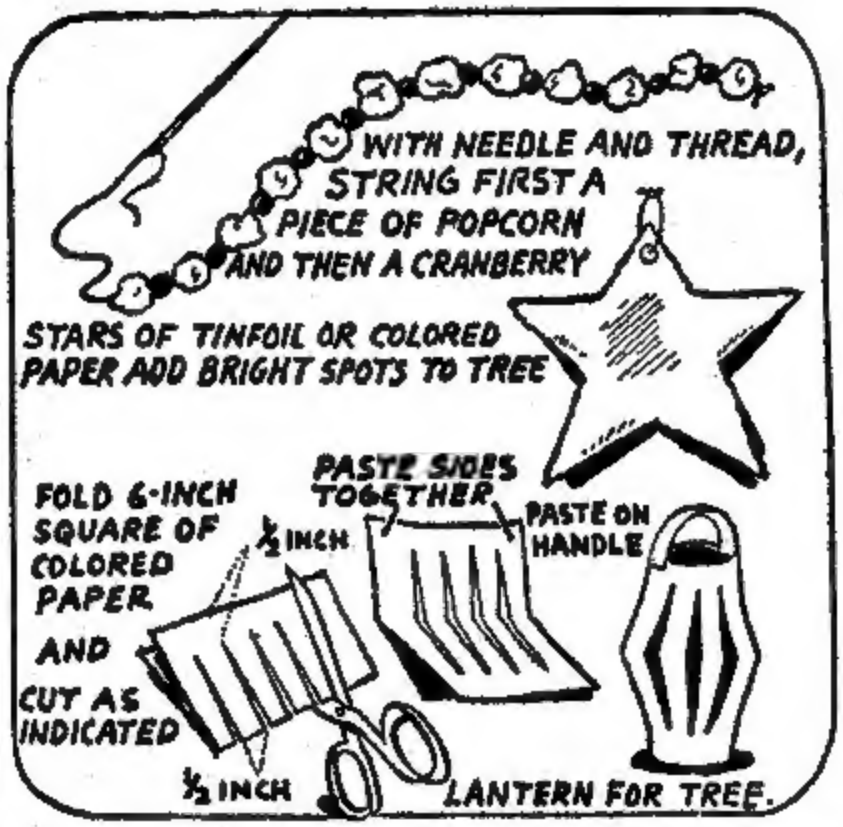
Old Pete threw a log on the fire and put another in front of it as a bench. "You certainly have made a good start," he said, looking at all the things the children had collected. "Here, let me draw you a picture of the last Christmas tree I had."

To Be Continued.

Christmas With Dot and Dick


CUT NARROW STRIPS FROM COLORED PAPER, WALL PAPER OR MAGAZINE COVERS.
PASTE
PASTE ENDS TO FORM LINKS.
THIS IS A FINISHED CHAIN.
NO. 4.




WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD, STRING FIRST A PIECE OF POPCORN AND THEN A CRANBERRY
STARS OF TINFOIL OR COLORED PAPER ADD BRIGHT SPOTS TO TREE
FOLD 6-INCH SQUARE OF COLORED PAPER AND CUT AS INDICATED
½ INCH
PASTE SIDES TOGETHER
PASTE ON HANDLE
½ INCH
LANTERN FOR TREE.

"And now," said Old Pete, after he finished explaining his Christmas tree drawing to Dot and Dick, "I guess you'd better start for home. But you must come again and let me show you how to make some of these things."

"Oh," said Dot, "may we come again? You won't be too busy?"

"No," he answered, "because I've almost finished my work at the creek."

"What do you do, Mr. Pete?" asked Dick.

"I'm a prospector," the old man said. "That means I hunt for gold. But that's a secret. You won't tell anyone?"

"No," they both promised.

Old Pete walked with them to the edge of the woods. "Come back tomorrow, if the snow isn't too deep," he told them, "and bring scissors and string and paper and crayons. I'll have a surprise for you."

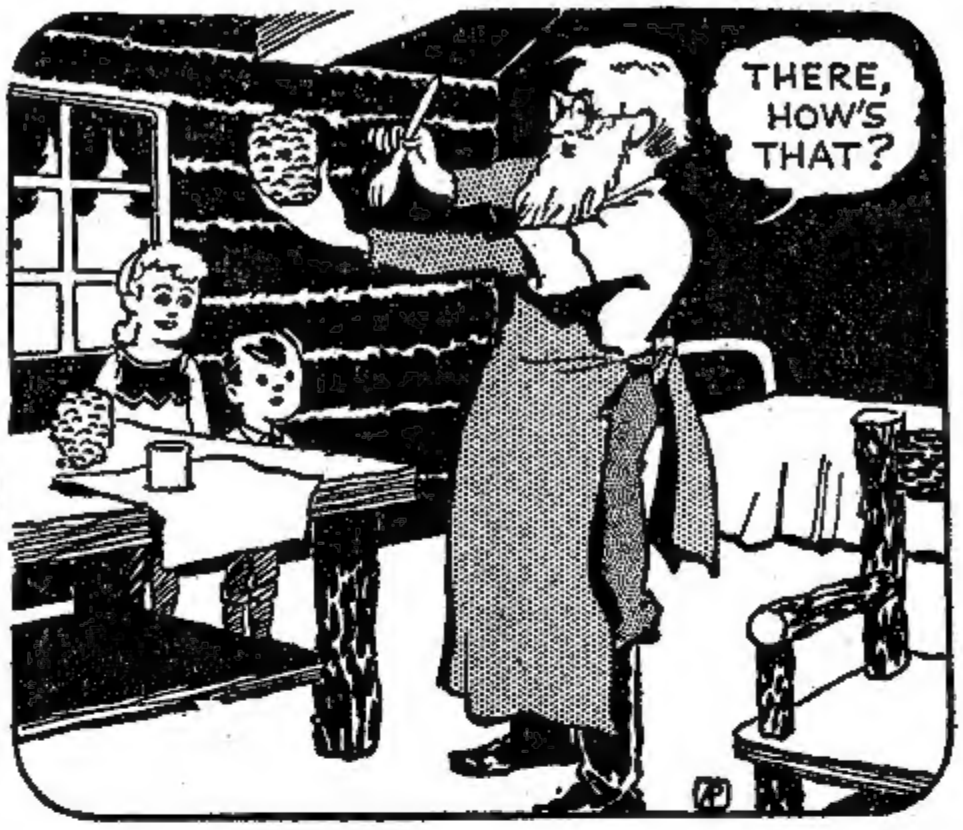
So the next afternoon the children put on their leggings and overshoes because there still was snow on the ground, and hurried to the cabin.

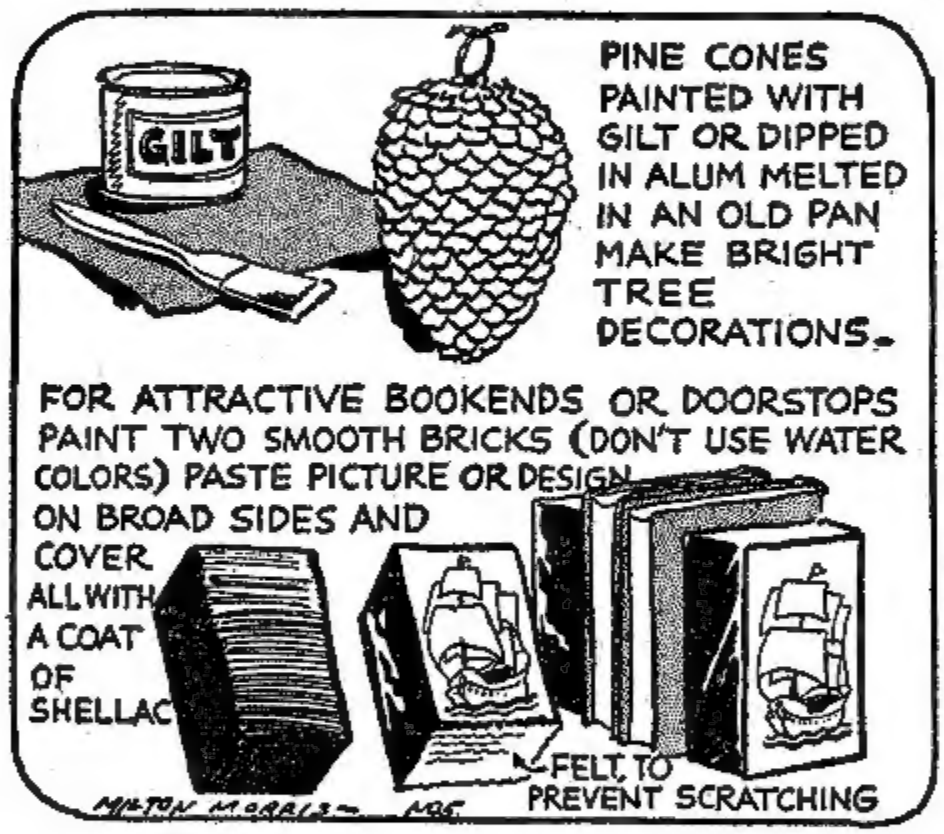
First of all, Old Pete showed them how to make paper chains. Soon Dot and Dick each had short ones made of green and red and yellow and blue paper, and one that was long enough to wind around a Christmas tree four times. Next the old man popped corn over the fire and taught them to make popcorn strings. Then he showed them how to cut and cover tinfoil stars. and how to make gay paper lanterns.

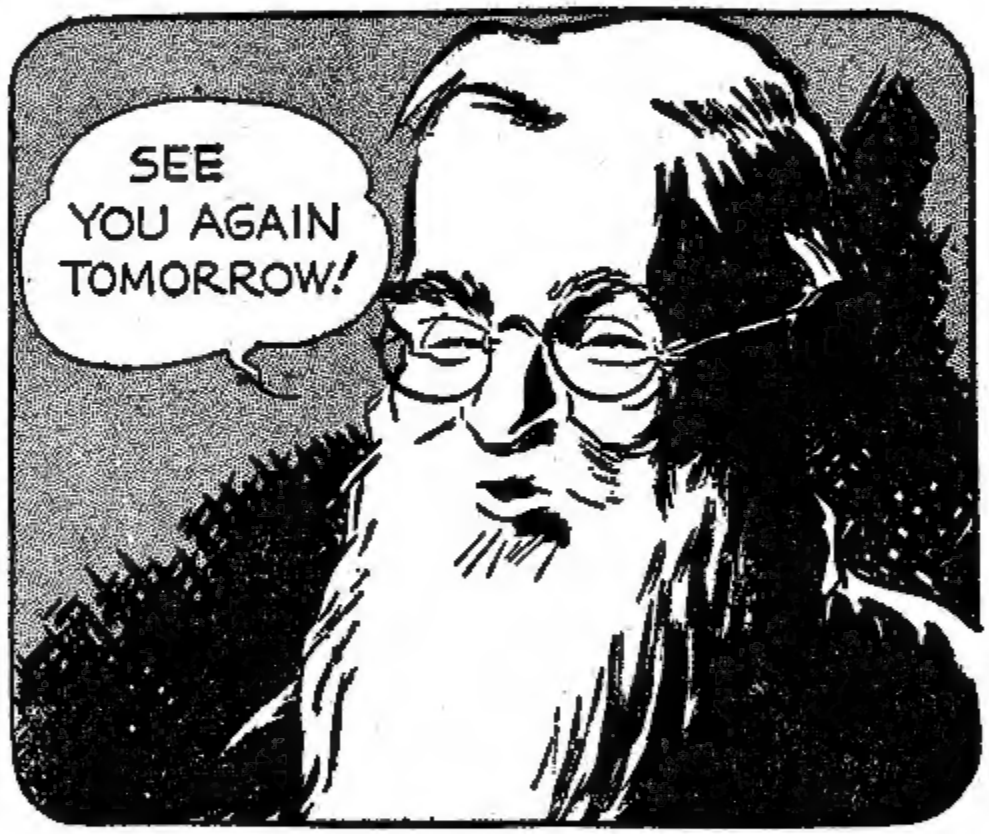
"Tomorrow," he promised, "we'll make something else for that grand Christmas tree you're going to have."

(To Be Continued.)

Christmas With Dot and Dick




GILT
PINE CONES PAINTED WITH GILT OR DIPPED IN ALUM MELTED IN AN OLD PAN MAKE BRIGHT TREE DECORATIONS.
FOR ATTRACTIVE BOOKENDS OR DOORSTOPS PAINT TWO SMOOTH BRICKS (DON'T USE WATER COLORS) PASTE PICTURE OR DESIGN ON BROAD SIDES AND COVER ALL WITH A COAT OF SHELLAC
FELT TO PREVENT SCRATCHING
MILTON MORRIS — NOS



"Now," said Old Pete, when they were all sitting before the fireplace the next afternoon, there's just one thing we need before that Christmas tree of yours will be as pretty as anyone could make it—pine cones."

"Pine cones!" exclaimed Dick. 'They don't look very pretty."

"Oh, but these will," said Pete.

"All right," said Dick, "and will you tell us about that picture of Santa Claus over the fireplace?"

"And about the picture of the little girl?" asked Dot.

"Well," said Old Pete, as they set out to find pine trees, "a long, long time ago that little girl and I lived in a town a far, far way from here.

"It was Christmas time then, too, and she and I worked together, just as you and I are doing. And we had a tree and a platform like the one I drew for you. And on Christmas morning, after she had played with her toys and the train, she cut this picture out of a magazine and crawled up on my lap and said: 'Daddy, you know I dreamed last night that Santa Claus came down our chimney, and he looked just like this.'

"And so wherever I've been since then, Iv'e always had her picture and that picture of Santa Claus on the wall."

"Where is she now?" asked Dot.

"I'll have to tell you the rest of the story later, for here the pine trees are."

The three stuffed their pockets with pine cones and then went back to the cabin, where Old Pete showed them how to make some of the cones glisten like gold, and how to make others look as if they had just come in from a snow storm.

"They certainly are pretty," said Dick.

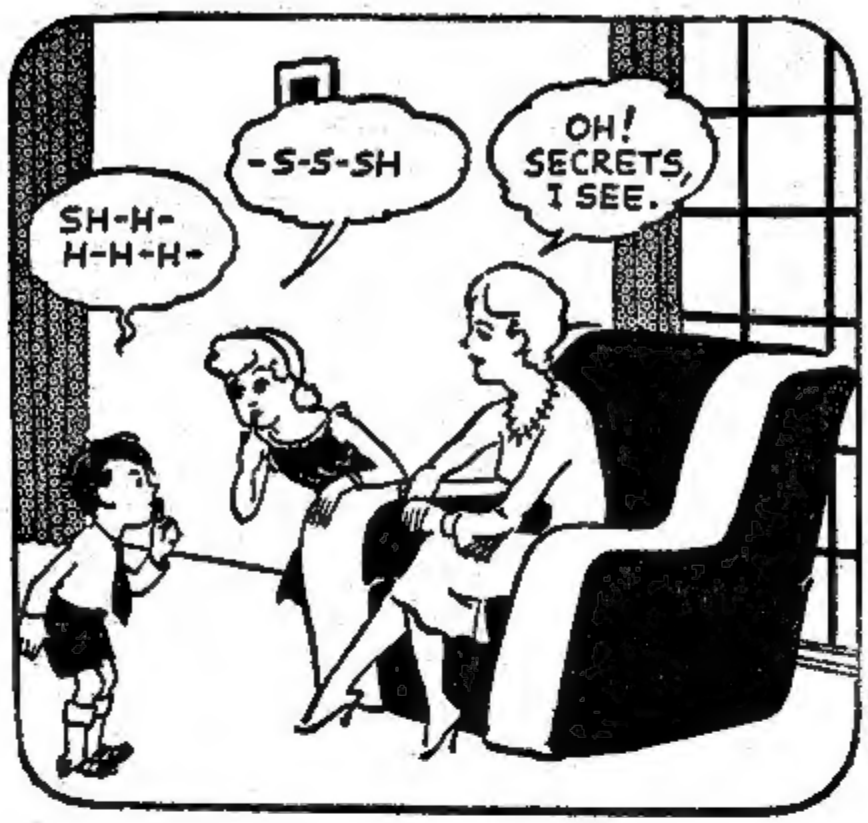
"Yes," agreed Dot, "our tree is going to be beautiful, but I do wish I knew how to get some presents for Mother and Dad."

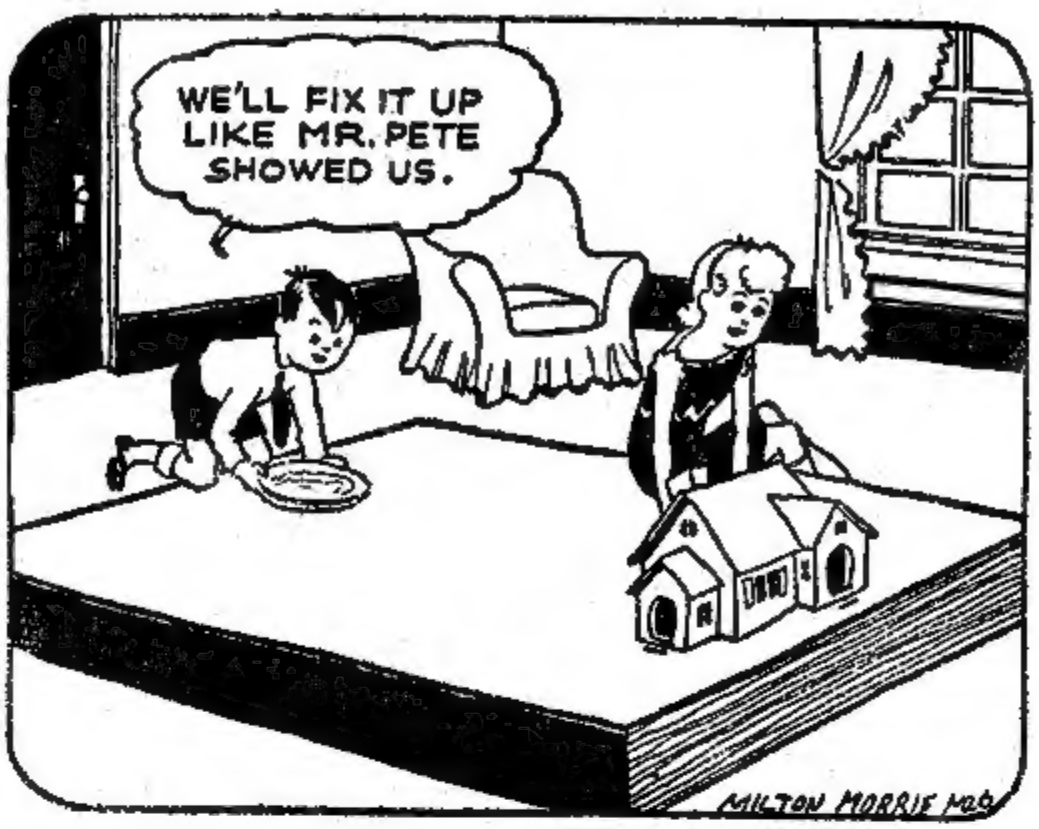
"And a train to run around the platform at the bottom of the tree," added Dick.

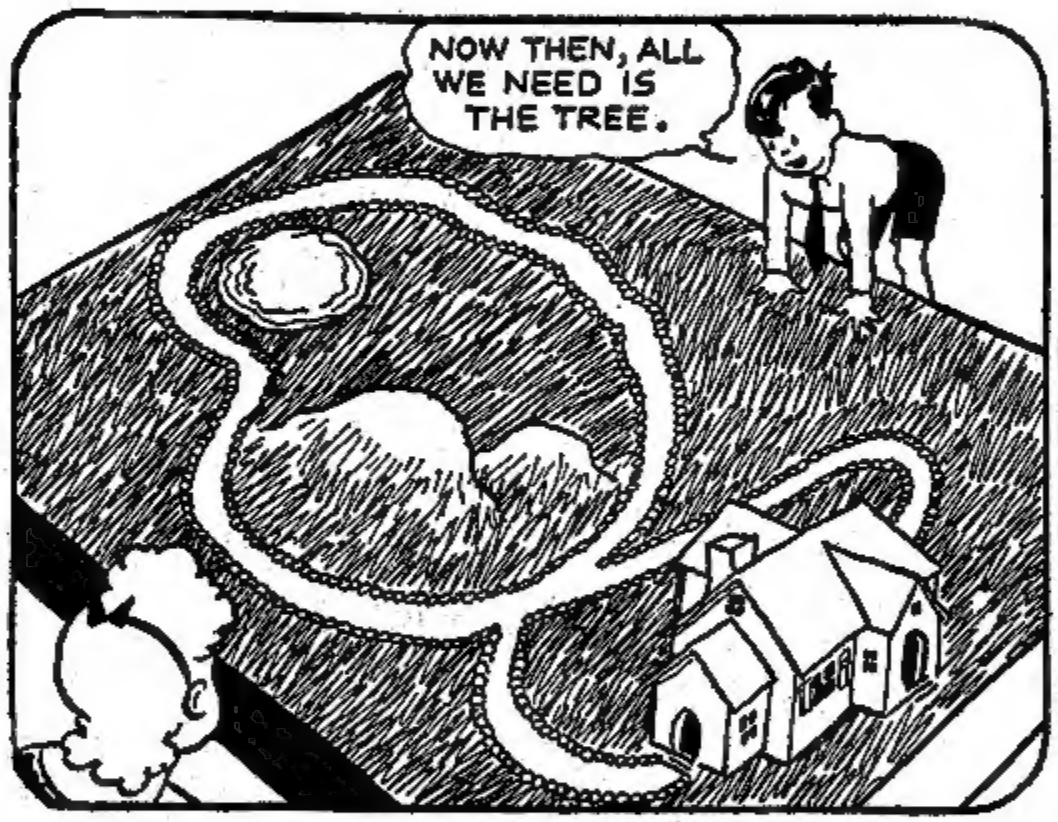
"Ask your mother to let you come here again," suggested the old man, with a twinkle in his eye.

(To Be Continued)

Christmas With Dot and Dick







When Dot and Dick asked their mother when they could go to Old Pete's cabin again, she said they'd better play around the house a day or two. "He's too busy to see you every day," she told them.

"But he said he was almost finished with his work by the—"

"Shh!" Dot interrupted her brother. "That's a secret. And anyway he almost promised to help us get some—"

"Shh!" Dick interrupted. "That's a secret, too."

"My, what a lot of secrets!" said their mother. "But you may have another if you wish. You can arrange things in the guest room to suit yourselves, and you dad and I will promise not to look till Christmas."

So Dot and Dick arranged a Christmas platform very much like the one Old Pete had drawn for them. First Dot dusted her doll house carefully and placed it at one end of the platform. Then Dick took one of mother's old pie pans and placed it at the other end, near where the tree would be. Filled with water, it would make a dandy little pond, he thought, and maybe on Christmas he'd find in his stocking some ducks to float on it. After that, they arranged the moss so that almost the entire table was covered.

While Dot made little paths to the house and the pond with sand and pebbles, Dick went outside and came back with two big rocks, which he covered with crumpled brown wrapping paper to look like mountains. Then he took pebbles and marked out the road he wanted his engine to follow. The imaginary railroad started from the house, curved around a mountain in the middle of the platform, continued to where the tree would be and then came back to the house on the other side.

"Now," Dot told their mother, "all we need is a tree."

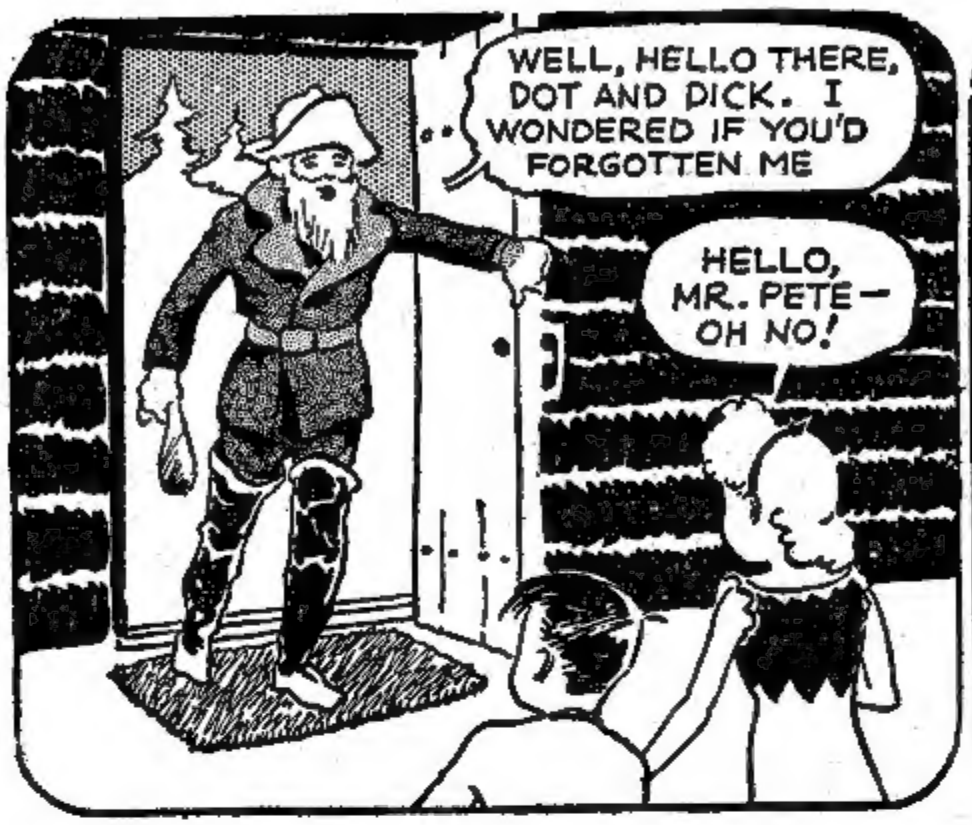
"That evergreen tree growing in our front yard is big enough," said Dick. Let's cut it down."

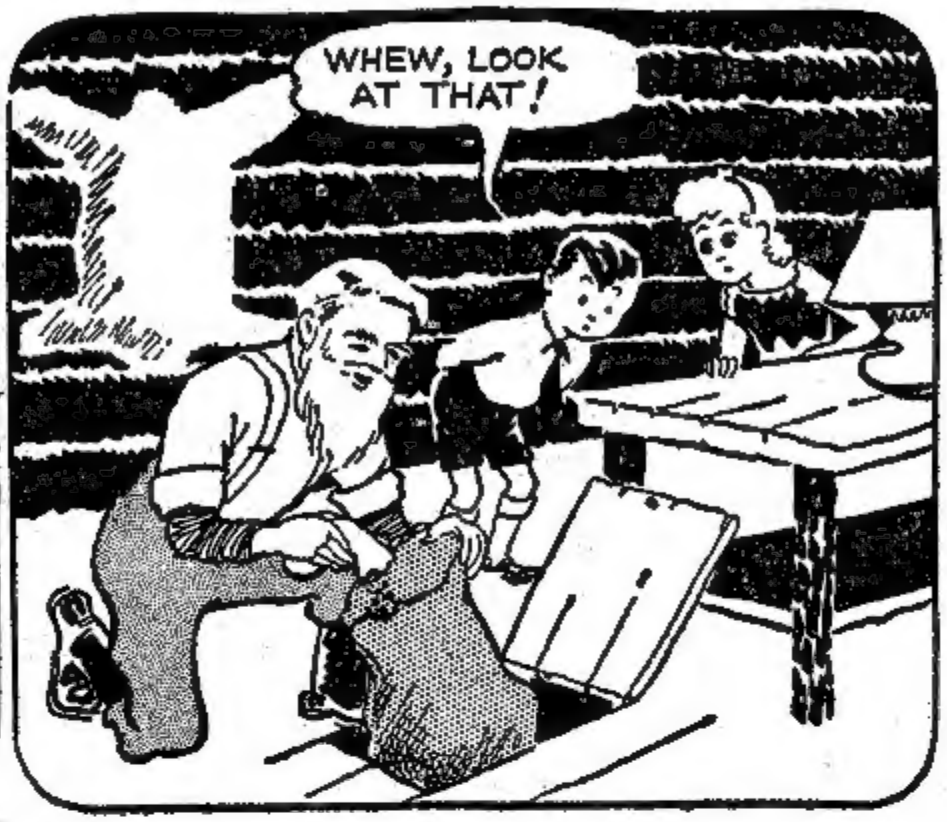
'Oh, no!' said his mother. "We need that to help make the yard look pretty. Dad will get us one in town."

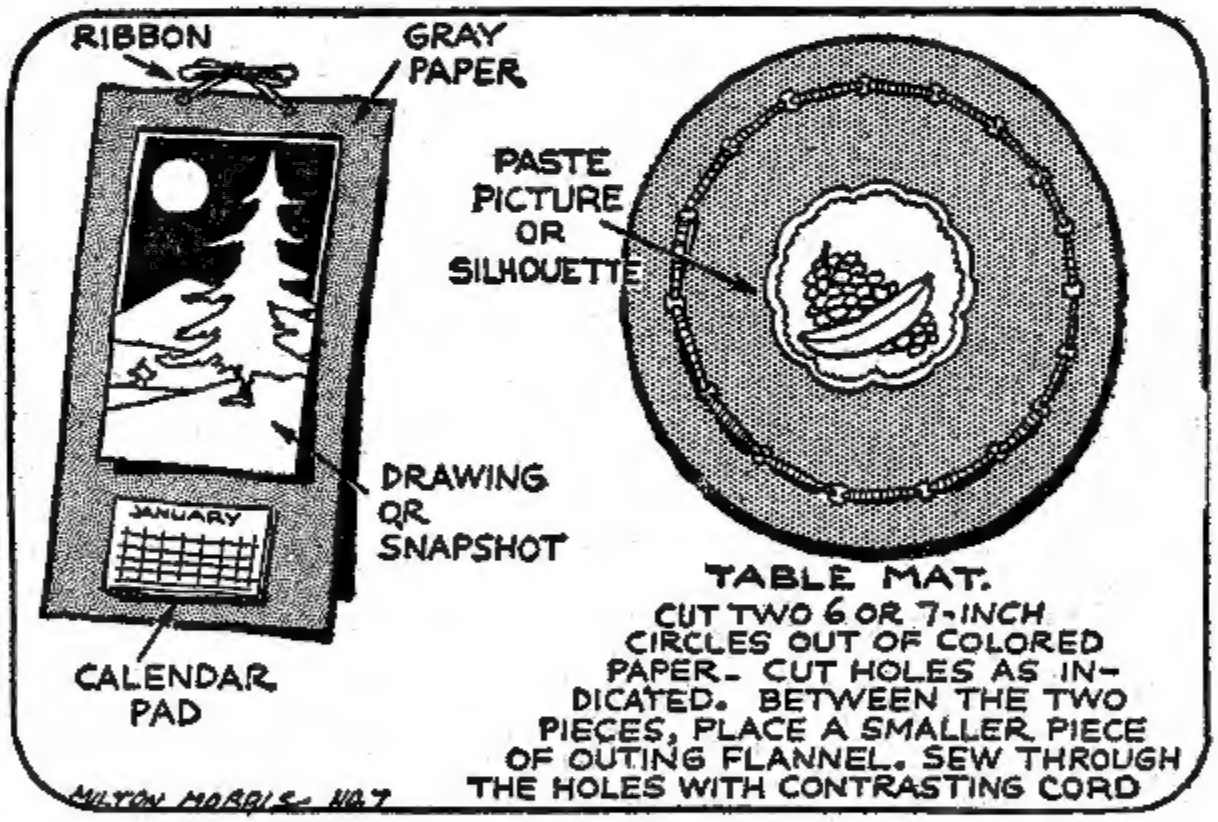
But Dot had an idea.

(To Be Continued)

Christmas With Dot and Dick






RIBBON
GRAY PAPER
PASTE PICTURE OR SILHOUETTE
DRAWING OR SNAPSHOT
JANUARY
CALENDAR PAD
TABLE MAT.
CUT TWO 6 OR 7-INCH CIRCLES OUT OF COLORED PAPER- CUT HOLES AS INDICATED. BETWEEN THE TWO PIECES, PLACE A SMALLER PIECE OF OUTING FLANNEL. SEW THROUGH THE HOLES WITH CONTRASTING CORD
MILTON MORRIS '47

"Dad's got too much to do without bothering to drag home a tree," Dot thought to herself, "so I'm just going to slip off and ask Mr. Pete if he can help."

She hadn't gone very far down the road toward the woods where, the old prospector lived, when her brother Dick came rushing up. "I'm coming along, too," he told her. "You aren't the only one wants to learn how to make Christmas presents for mother and dad."

"Of course not," she said. "I was so excited about wanting to get a Christmas tree that I forgot all about the presents."

No one answered when they knocked on the door of the cabin, so they walked in and made themselves comfortable by the fire. Before long, Old Pete came tramping in, his big boots wet and muddy. "Hello, Dot and Dick!" he greeted them. "I was afraid you had forgotten me. I've just been down to the creek for the last time. We'll get to work on those presents in just another minute."

Wide-eyed, the children watched him go to one end of the room, lift up a floor board, take a little bag from his pocket and pour its contents into a canvas sack under the floor. They tiptoed over to him. "Why, it's yellow gravel!" Dick exclaimed.

The old man chuckled. "But don't tell a soul," he said. "It's just a little surprise I've been working on for Santa Claus and my little girl. And now, what shall we do first for that Christmas tree you're to have?"

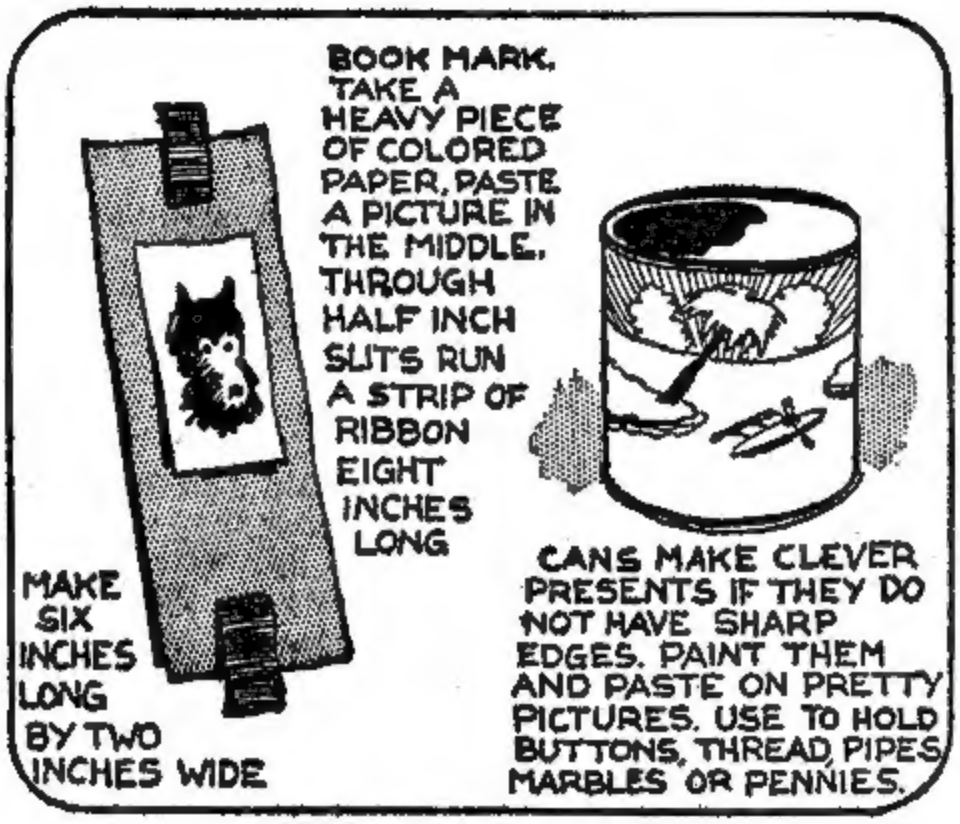
"Mr. Pete," said Dot, "I was wondering whether you couldn't help us get a Christmas tree."

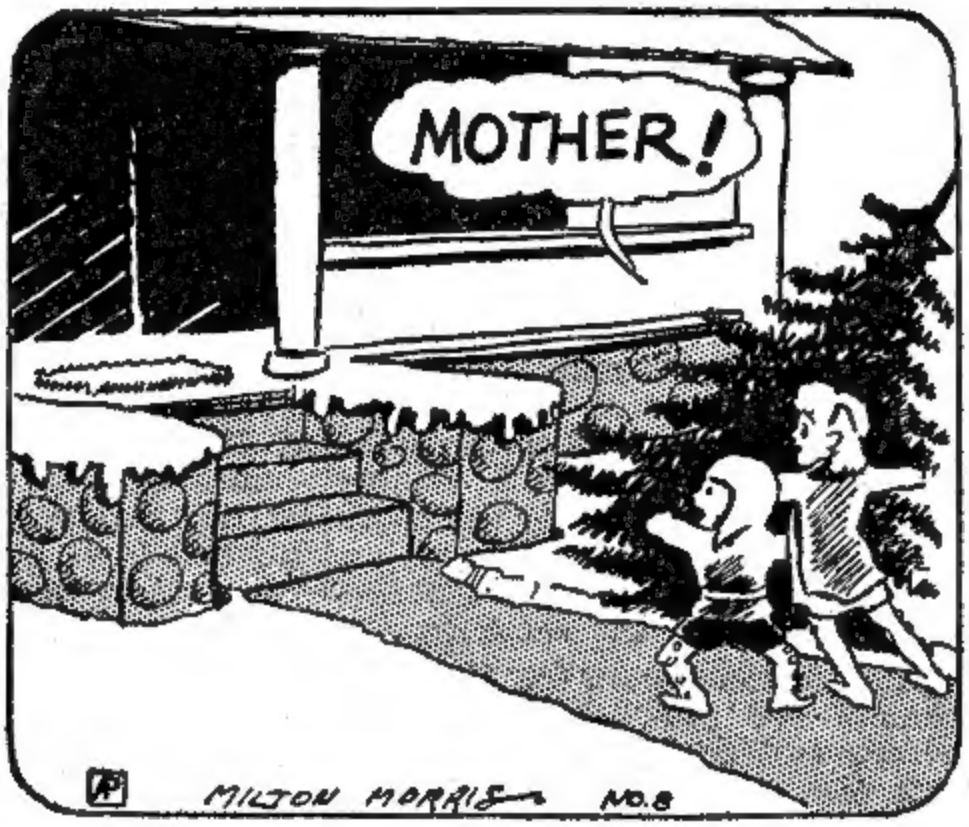
"Well, maybe I can," said the old man, smiling, "but first I think we'd better get busy on the presents."

So the three of them set to work. Old Pete showed Dot how to make a set of three plate mats for her Mother, and Dick how to make a calendar for his dad.

(To Be Continued.)

Christmas With Dot and Dick


BOOK MARK. TAKE A HEAVY PIECE OF COLORED PAPER, PASTE A PICTURE IN THE MIDDLE. THROUGH HALF INCH SLITS RUN A STRIP OF RIBBON EIGHT INCHES LONG
MAKE SIX INCHES LONG BY TWO INCHES WIDE
CANS MAKE CLEVER PRESENTS IF THEY DO NOT HAVE SHARP EDGES. PAINT THEM AND PASTE ON PRETTY PICTURES. USE TO HOLD BUTTONS, THREAD, PIPES, MARBLES OR PENNIES.



Dot and Dick and Old Pete, the prospector, were sitting in the cabin, talking about Christmas and making things for it.

"Goodness!" said dick, "I didn't have any idea you could make such nice presents just from paper and tin cans."

"And it's been fun, too, hasn't it?" asked Old Pete. "You two will have a jim-dandy Christmas."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Dot, winking at Dick, because the two of them had a secret.

"Oh, I'm going to have a good Christmas, too," the prospector told her. "That little girl of mine lives in a big city, many, many miles from here. It's so far away that I haven't seen her for years. But I've worked so hard and found so much 'yellow gravel' in the creek that this year I'm going to give her a big surprise. Of course it's really gold, so I can travel to the big city and be with my little daughter Marjorie, on Christmas."

"Just think, Dot, he's going to go in a real train!" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes," said Dot, "and he won't be able to spend Christmas with us. Oh, Mr. Pete, we wanted you to come to our house for Christmas. Mother said so, and we were going to wait till the very last day to tell you, so you'd be surprised."

"Well, bless your hearts!" said Old Pete. "Maybe, since I can't come for Christmas, your mother would let me visit you tomorrow night. Then I could see how you have arranged your platform."

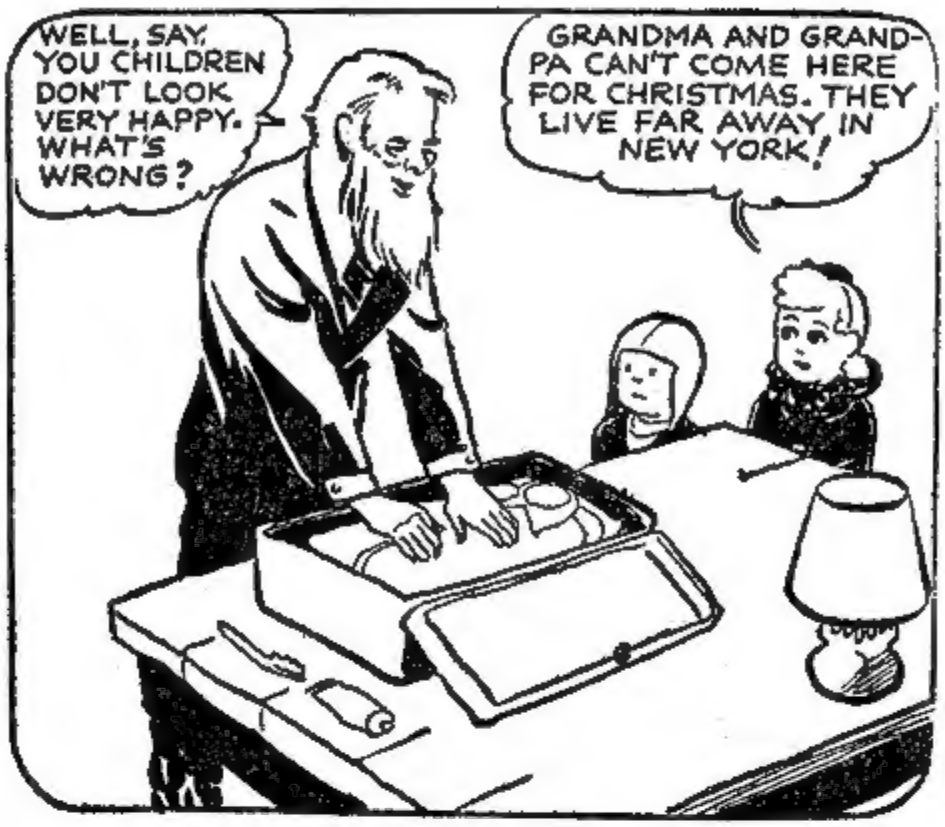
"Oh, yes!" both children exclaimed. "Please come and see what we have done."

Then they trudged through the woods until they found a Christmas tree just the size they wanted. Old Pete cut it down and carried it most of the way home for them.

"Bet mother will be surprised," said Dick as he and Dot lifted it up the steps to the front door.

(To Be Continued.)

Christmas With Dot and Dick


WELL, SAY, YOU CHILDREN DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY. WHAT'S WRONG?
GRANDMA AND GRANDPA CAN'T COME HERE FOR CHRISTMAS. THEY LIVE FAR AWAY IN NEW YORK!

SUPPOSE I TAKE THE CHILDREN WITH ME TO NEW YORK AND SEND THEM BACK HERE WITH THEIR GRAND-PARENTS FOR CHRISTMAS.
WHY THANK YOU, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO EXPENSIVE!

"You've been regular little busy-bees," said Dot and Dick's father as the family ate breakfast.

"Yes," said mother, "they've been working so well that I'm sure we'll have the loveliest Christmas ever. If only grandma and grandpa were going to be with us!"

"Aren't they coming this year?" asked Dot.

"No.' her father explained, "they live in New York, and that's too far away."

"And Mr. Pete can't come, either," said Dick. "Goodness, there isn't going to be anybody here!"

In the afternoon, the children went to the cabin again—this time to invite the old prospector to dinner. They found him all dressed up, busy packing his battered old suitcase.

"Why are you looking so sad " he asked.

"Grandma and grandpa live in New York," Dot told him, "and that's so far away, they can't spend Christmas with us."

"Why, that's just where my little Marjorie lives,' the old man said.

After dinner, Old Pete turned to the childrens parents and asked whether they would do him a favor.

"We'd like to," said their father. "You've done so much for us."

"Well," the prospector asked, "would you let me take Dick and Dot to New York and send them home with their grandparents for Christmas?"

Oh, how excited the children were!

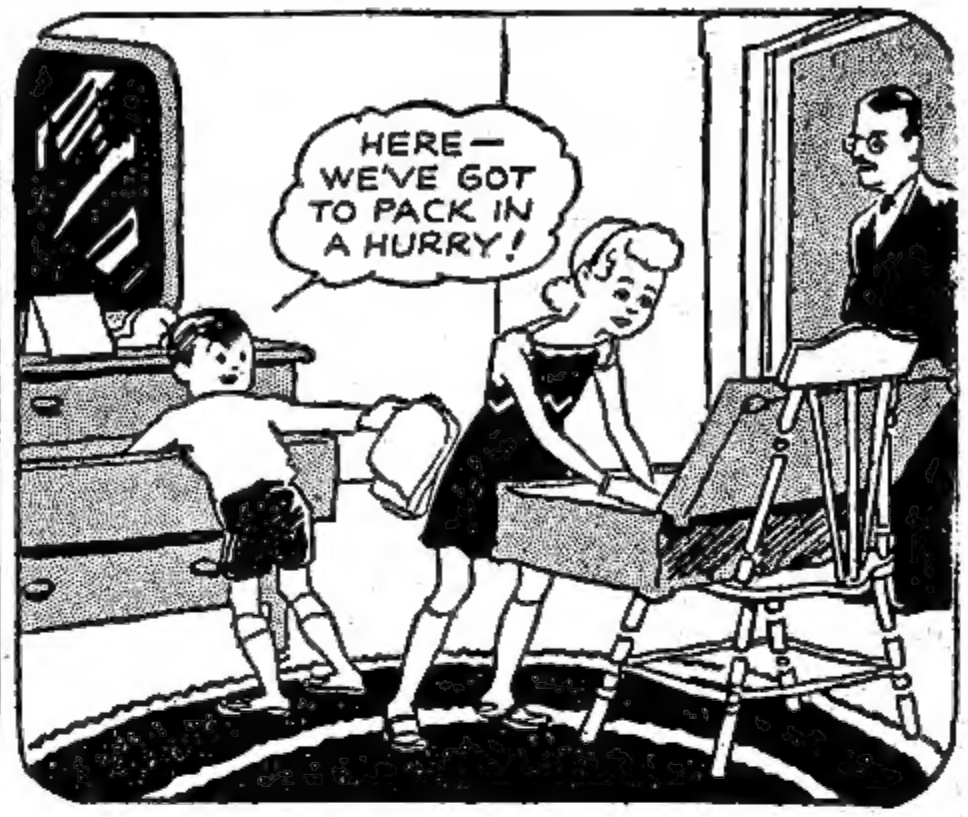
"But that would be much too expensive a trip," their father said.

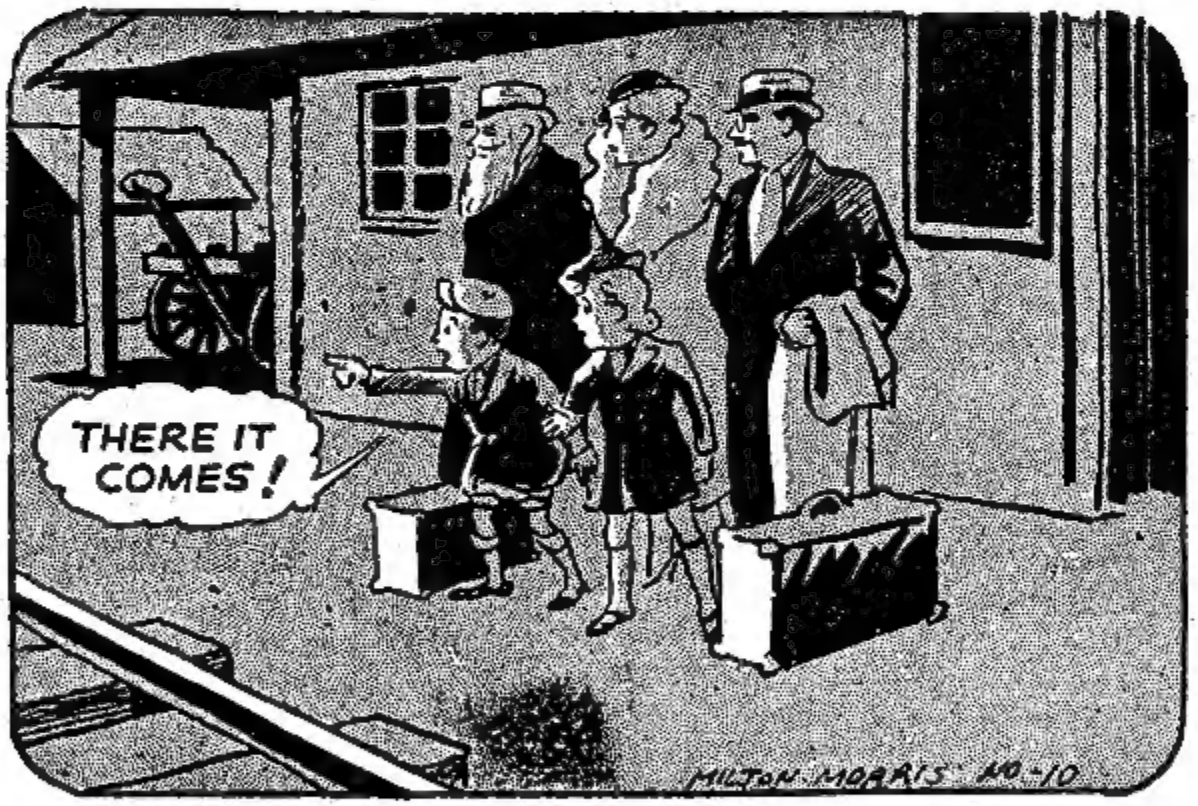
"Look," said Old Pete, letting them see how much gold he had.

"Oh, daddy may we?" asked Dick.

(To Be Continued)

Christmas With Dot and Dick





Their father looked at the children's eager faces. Then he looked at the bag of gold again, and at the old prospector.

Finally he said, "Yes, you may go to New York."

How the children shouted with joy, and kissed their parents, and hugged Old Pete!

And then how everyone rushed around getting out suitcases, and packing clothes, and making sure that nothing the children would need was left behind. For they were going to leave that very night!

Dad and mother walked with Old Pete and the children to the railroad station. They passed stores with Christmas wreaths in the windows.

"You're sure we'll be home in time for Christmas?" Dick asked Old Pete.

"Certain sure," the old prospector assured him, "because it wouldn't be Christmas if you didn't spend it with your Dad and Mother, especially since you and Dot have made all those nice surprises."

When the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train pulled out of the station, it was time for Dot and Dick to go to bed. They soon learned that in a train, beds are called berths, and that one berth is built on top of another.

Dick climbed into an upper berth, and Dot into a lower, but they were too excited to go to sleep right away.

As the train rushed through the night, taking them nearer and nearer the big city, Dick leaned over the side of his berth and whispered to Dot:

"Won't grandma and grandpa be surprised?"

(To Be Continued.)

Christmas With Dot and Dick

ISN'T IT PRETTY?
OH BOY, LOOK AT THAT! WE'RE GOING ON A STREAMLINED TRAIN!
I BET WE'RE GOING A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!
LOOK AT THAT FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE!
HILTON MORRIS NO. 11

Dot and Dick were the first ones awake on the entire train, but they dressed quietly and found Old Pete, who took them to breakfast in the dining car.

It was great fun to be eating on a train that was rushing across the country faster than they ever had traveled before. There were so many interesting things to see that sometimes they forgot to eat—rivers and towns and, once, agreat dark forest. It reminded them of the woods in which they had found Old Pete.

Soon after breakfast the train began slowing down. And Old Pete said, "Time to be getting off."

"Oh, are we in New York already?" asked Dot.

"No," the prospector told her, "we're just changing from one train to another. Keep your eyes wide open, both of you."

But Dot and Dick didn't have to be told that. As soon as they stepped off the train, they saw anyone's eyes open wide.

It was a beautiful new train, glistening silver bright in the sunshine. It looked as if it could travel as fast as a bullet.

"Oh,!" shouted Dick, dancing on the platform. "Isn't that a beauty? Oh, Dot, that's the kind of train we want for our Christmas platfrom!"

"Are we really going to ride in it?" asked Dot.

"Sure," said Old Pete. "Isn't she a dandy?"

All day long they rode, and in every town they passed they saw people gathered at the station to watch this shiny train speed on its way.

They reached New York just as night came. As they walked through the huge station, they saw the tallest Christmas tree ever. It was covered withtinsel and lights, and at its top shone one bright star.

"And now," said Old Pete, "we must find your grandparents."

(To Be Continued)

Christmas With Dot and Dick

MY GOODNESS, LOOK WHO'S HERE !!!
GRANDMA!
GRANDPA!
AND THIS IS MARJORIE, THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE PICTURES.
HELLO, DICKIE!
HELLO, MARJORIE!
WE'RE BUYING ALL THESE THINGS TO MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY!
OH BOY!
-AND MAYBE THIS WILL HELP ALL OF YOU TO HAVE A MERRIER CHRISTMAS!

Through the streets of New York, Dot and Dick and Old Pete raced in a taxicab. They were on their way to see the children's grandparents, who lived in a big apartment house along the Hudson river.

Everywhere the buildings were so tall, and there were so many of them! Dick was afraid the driver never could find the right one. But he did.

"Why, Dot and Dick!" exclaimed grandma. "However on earth did you get here?"

"You must have come by airplane," said grandpa.

"No, it was on a big, shiny train," said Dick. "Mr. Pete, here, found a whole lot of gold in the creek and brought us."

The next day Old Pete and a beautiful young girl came to see them. "And here is my daughter, Marjorie," he said.

"Is she the little girl who cut out that picture of Santa Claus you have in your cabin?" asked Dot.

"Yes," answered Old Pete, "and just think, now she's helping Santa Claus here."

"Maybe all of you would like to come along with me today," Marjorie said.

So Dick and Dot and grandma and grandpa and Marjorie and Old Pete set out shopping together. First they visited a grocery store, where they bought baskets and baskets of food. Then they went to a toy shop, where Dot and Dick helped select playthings.

"I just know some boy would like that football," said Dick.

"And I'm sure little girls would just love those dolls and carriages," said Dot.

They carried everything to mothers and fathers and children who might not have had a merry Christmas if Marjorie had not wanted to help Santa Claus.

"My, these people look happy now," whispered Dot to grandma. "Isn't it nice to give things for Christmas?"

Christmas With Dot and Dick

"Your friend, Mr. Pete, says he has a surprise for us," said grandma as she turned from the phone.

"Another one?" exclaimed Dot. "Why, it's just been one surprise after another ever since we met him."

All of them—grandma and grandpa and Dot and Dick—were wondering what the surprise could be this time, when in walked Old Pete, a big grin on his face.

"Well, folks," he proposed, "how'd you all like to ride home for Christmas in an airplane?"

"A real airplane? Whoe!" shouted Dick.

"Why, sir, I guess we'd all like to," said grandpa.

"And you and Marjorie are coming too, aren't you?" asked Dot.

"Well, no," Old Pete told her. "I guess I'll stay here awhile."

Bright and early the next morning, the children and their grandparents rushed to the airport. As they got out of the car, they saw the big airplane that was waiting to speed them home. "If only Mr. Pete and Marjorie were coming, too," said Dick.

"We're starting in half a minute," said the pilot as they settled themselves in the big chairs. Just then they heard a shot. They looked outside and there were Old Pete and Marjorie, laughing and waving, although their arms were full of packages wrapped in bright paper.

"We just couldn't stay behind," explained their old friend. "We're coming along if you'll have us."

"I just guess we will!" Dot said.

The airplane soared aloft, and all through the day they sped high in the air toward home.

Just at twilight the plane swooped low. They looked out and saw lights shining in a snow-covered town.

"It's home!" shouted Dick.

"And it's the night before Christmas" said Dot.

(To Be Continued).

Christmas With Dot and Dick

It was early Christmas morning. The whole house was extraordinarily quiet.

Suddenly, from the room where Dot and Dick had set up the Christmas platform, came a happy shout. And in a moment came another.

Mother and dad rushed to the door. Then came grandma and grandpa. Marjorie and Old Pete were close behind.

They hurried into the room.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted Dot, running toward them with a brand new football in his arm.

"Mery Christmas!" shouted Dot, lifting a big doll from a brand new doll carriage.

"Merry Christmas," shouted everybody.

"Look at this train," said Dick. "It's just like the one that took us to New York."

"Yes, and, oh, what a lovely Christmas tree and platform!" said mother.

"And all these presents," said dad.

"Mr. Pete showed us how to make them," said Dot. "Isn't he a grand person?"

Old Pete just grinned.

"I hope everybody in the whole world is as happy as we are," said Dick.

THE END.